

Revenging Farce

Insist on righteousness
once more, as

your fastened eyes
affright again.

The next time, cowards
laugh, trust-

ing there's an
end of it. Bide

your hallowed space & then:
eviscerate them

mid-dance—it's your
bounden duty.

In the melee other dancers
fall, this,

the collateral benefit of
lust.

History repeats itself: first as tragedy, then as farce. -Marx